

A MAN HUNT IN THE NEW JERSEY WOODS.

Miss Van Fleet, of Newark, Attacked by an Italian Near Califon.

She Was Walking From the Station to Her Friend's Farm; He Followed.

Saved by the Arrival of a Farmer Who, When the Man Escaped, Alarmed the County.

WOULD HAVE BEEN A LYNCHING.

Officers Caught the Man, but Did Not Dare Tell the Enraged Farmers Who Were Beating the Woods and Corn-fields for Him.

Miss Kate Van Fleet, of Newark, on her way to spend a summer holiday with friends near Califon, N. J., was followed and attacked by an Italian tramp in a lonely place of woods.

She fought the fiend, and shrieked for help, but he was a big, strong ruffian, and she, a slender girl, could not beat him off. He choked her into silence, and her struggles were almost at an end when a farmer and his wife drove up. They were just in time. The girl, her clothes torn almost off her, and nearly unconscious with fright and exhaustion, could not have defended herself much longer.

At sight of them the Italian left his intended victim and dashed away into the woods.

Miss Van Fleet's rescuer was Richard Beattier. Beattier and his wife were driving slowly from Califon to High Bridge; a child was leading a cow head of them, so the Italian was not aware of their approach until they were very close to him—close enough to see his face as he sprang away from the girl in the road, and they were able to identify the Italian arrested next morning at German Valley as the same man.

Beattier lifted the girl into the wagon, and Mrs. Beattier's ministrations soon brought her back to full consciousness, and she told her story. The farmer brought her to her friends, and, after sending for a physician, drove off to notify the neighbors.

The Country Aroused. Each farmer notified passed the word to the next, and soon this whole section of Hunterdon County was aroused and seeking the criminal. Then began one of the fiercest man hunts ever engaged in in this part of the country.

This is not the first crime of the sort committed in this vicinity, and the farmers were resolved to show no mercy to Miss Van Fleet's assailant. No negro ravisher caught by Southern avengers fared worse than the Italian would have fared had the men who were searching every field and barn and rock pile and piece of woods that could have sheltered a man caught him.

The pursuers were out with shotguns and dogs, and more than one of them before he started on the hunt threw a coil of rope into his buggy that was not meant to tie his horses with.

While the farmers were fierce in their determination to catch and hang the fugitive, there was no disorder about the chase. Nearly all of them put themselves under the orders of Constable Trimmer. He scattered them out on a wide line, and made every man responsible for a certain width of country.

Hunted Like a Wolf.

Then they hunted the fugitive as they hunt a wolf in the West. The fine best of the woods and searched the cornfields in the form of a huge half circle, the ends of which were miles apart. Telegrams had been sent to all points ahead that could be reached and there was little chance of the Italian escaping. If he went forward he must fall into the hands of officers who had been warned to look out for him; if he turned he must run into some of the pursuers.

The constable had persuaded a number of cool-headed citizens to accompany the enraged farmers, and were then if the man was caught, to let the law take its course, but to realize that if they once got their hands on him the only legal proceeding that would result would be a Coroner's inquest.

They hunted all night. In a cornfield, about midway between High Bridge and Bound Brook, they found the tracks they were looking for. A man had gone through there on the run. The cornstalks were trodden down and the footprints in the soft soil showed that whoever had made them had not picked his way. Some of the farmers had their dogs with them, and an attempt was made to have them follow the trail.

But the dogs had not been trained to hunt men, and could not be made to understand what they were expected to do. However, the trail was a good one, and by moonlight aided the pursuers. Fortunately for the fugitives the regular officers, and not the farmers, first got word of him.

They found he had stopped at the Crager farm and begged permission to sleep in the barn. Crager's folks, of course, knew nothing of what had occurred on the road near Califon, and gave the three Italian permission to rest in the hay. He told them he was going on to German Valley to find work next morning.

By the time the pursuers reached Crager's he had gone.

The officers thought he had probably given out the information that he was going to German Valley in order to throw them off the track, but they took the chance and telegraphed German Valley to watch for him and detain him if he came. The officers concealed what they had learned from the voluntary posse, and that is how it happened that Daniel Calibra is safely in jail at Flemington, instead of hanging to a tree or trose at German Valley.

Caught in the Quarry. He did appear at German Valley and applied for work at the quarry.

The quarry boss recognized him from the description, but as the officers had telegraphed they were coming, he made no attempt to arrest the Italian, but put him to work, and Daniel Calibra was industriously pounding a drill when Constable Trimmer and two deputies came up and put him under arrest.

The Italian seemed extremely surprised, made no resistance and denied all knowledge of the crime with which they charged him. He said he had never been at Crager's, and had not slept in the barn, but told a reasonable story about having come from Bound Brook and having slept in a freight car until daybreak, when he breakfasted on apples shaken from a tree, and then came on to German Valley to look for work. The story sounded so straight that the officers were staggered, but they took him with them to the house, where Miss Van Fleet was.

The sight of the man nearly threw the girl into hysterics. She recognized him immediately, and screamed wildly. To make it more certain, the man was brought before Mrs. Richards, who also identified him.

Then the Constable took him quietly to Flemington and turned him over to Sheriff Peterson.

"He is in no danger of being lynched now," said the Sheriff last night. "The

have a chance to prove the alibi he says he can establish."

Callibra is about twenty-five years old. He looks immensely strong, and his statement does not seem to frighten him. He repeated his statement of his whereabouts on Tuesday evening, and said various people of whom he inquired in his way could prove the truth of his story.

He has been in America two years, and says people in Plainfield and Hightstown will testify to his good character.

The Victim's Story. Miss Van Fleet makes this statement of her adventure and narrow escape: "I had notified my friends to meet me at Califon, but I missed my train at Newark and took a later one that landed me at Califon station about 6:30 in the evening. My friends had, after waiting for me some time, given me up and returned to the farm. I hoped they would return, and loitered about the station half an hour or more, but, though he stared at me a good deal, I paid no attention to him. At last I determined to walk to the farm, a distance of about two and a half miles."

"I started, and did not go far when I noticed the Italian behind me. Even then I was not frightened, thinking it was a mere coincidence that he took the same road I did. He was hurrying, and just ahead of me was a particularly lonesome place in the woods. It was nearly dark. He overtook me in the woods, and, without a word, grabbed hold of me. I screamed and tried to get away, but he picked me up and threw me violently down beside the road. I fought him as hard as I could, but he caught my hands and pressed them over my mouth. I was still struggling when Mr. and Mrs. Richards came up, but it must have been instinctive, as I was almost unconscious, and could not have held out much longer."

Miss Van Fleet is very much shaken as a result of her dreadful experience, but the physicians who attended her says she is not in danger of anything serious, and a few trifling bruises are all that will remain.

Denies That She Elope With "Jock."

Says Simply That She Vanished on May 19 from the Island and Stayed Away Ever Since Because Auntie Was Too Strict.

Coney Island's darkest dark secret—the four-months-old mystery that has been bothering the seaside Bowers—has been

revealed.

Bertha Lovelace, the fourteen-year-old domestic in the Hill household, was arrested and has confessed that it was her intention to kill the entire family by putting poison in a pie she had made and which was served at dinner.

Mrs. Hill finished her dinner sooner than the others and commenced to eat a portion of the pie, with which the domestic served her. She swallowed several mouthfuls and, then pushed away her plate, remarking that the pie had a very strange taste. By this time the domestic had served portions of the pie to the others at table, but, warned by Mrs. Hill, they refrained from tasting it.

In a few minutes Mrs. Hill was taken violently ill. Her measures were necessary to prevent her sudden death, and in spite of these she may yet die.

A local physician made an analysis of the pie, and found that it contained red oxide of mercury. The pie contained enough of this poison to kill a dozen persons. The quantity of poison was so great that the flavor of it in the pie would have been perceived by any one, but possibly not until a sufficient quantity had been swallowed to produce death. The Hill family consider that the have had a narrow escape.

Mr. Hill at once suspected the domestic, who had been acting queerly for some time. He had watched her, not suspecting her of criminal intentions, but thinking she might annoy the family by some mischievous act. When Mrs. Hill became ill after eating the pie, he caused the girl to be arrested, and she is now in the custody of Sheriff Morrow, of Belvedere.

The servant confessed to putting the poison in the pie, but when questioned as to her motive in doing so she gave contradictory replies, first saying that she did it for fun and then declaring that it was her plan to kill the entire family. She says she was directed by an evil spirit to poison the family, and was powerless to act otherwise. The girl came from a Binghamton institution and had been with the Hill family for more than a year.

The Hills are highly esteemed and are not known to have any enemies.

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DEAD HEROES HONORED.

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General Earle and his five sons, William Pitt Stryker, Victor De La Montagne and Guyton Lock, Chirchoon, fired a salute of thirteen guns from two old cannons on the lawn and raised the flag at 7 o'clock. On a number of houses in the vicinity colors were raised in honor of the event.

At the request of General Earle, Orlando Potter, the owner of the tract of land at One Hundred and Fort-second street and Convent avenue, where the thirteen trees, symbolic of the thirteen original States of the Union, were planted by Alexander Hamilton, decorated the trees and the fences surrounding the plot with bunting.

The Earle mansion, famous as the headquarters of General Washington during the retreat in 1776, was modestly decorated. A large flag was suspended from the front balcony from which Washington addressed his men on the morning of the battle of Harlem Heights.

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Postponement of the Case Against the Seven Chinese Arrested Last Week.

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Robert J. Westley appeared in their behalf, and testified that they are men and four are boys. All claim a previous residence in this country.

The case of Mook T. Chung, eleven years old, was taken up first. His father is a merchant at No. 32 Mott street, and it is claimed, has resided here for twenty years. The father's residence was connected with the debatable point being the right of the son to remain in this country.

It was alleged that the lad was born in Canton, China, while his father was on a visit there. Nelson W. Porter, Deputy Collector at Malbone, N. Y., testified that he had passed Mook T. Chung across the border on September 7 last, being satisfied that the boy did not come within the provisions of the Chinese Exclusion law. The hearing was adjourned until October 7.

VETERANS MEET ONCE MORE.

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A banquet was served at 5 p. m. Speeches were made by Mayor Wood, who welcomed the veterans; Congressman Thomas McKean, Captain Matthews, of Orange, James O'Sullivan, of Newark, and Dr. J. J. Love. The Ninth Regiment was mustered in September 25, 1862, and mustered out in 1864.

PRETTY MARTHA PELTZ BACK IN THE BOWERY.

Coney Island's Mystery Solved by the Missing Girl's Return.

"Mother" Knorn's Face Banishes Frowns and Takes on Beaming Smiles.

Business at the Germania Hotel Brightens, Too. Directly the Dark-Eyed Beauty Reappears.

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GIRL TRIES TO POISON A FAMILY.

She Puts Red Oxide of Mercury into a Pie Served to Her Employes for Dinner.

Warned in Time, All But One of the Members Avoid Eating Any of the Fatal Dish.

Mrs. Hill Detects the Poison, But Not Until She Had Taken Enough to Endanger Her Life.

SERVANT CONFESSES THE DEED.

Says She Was Prompted by an Evil Spirit, and Had Planned to Kill All the Members of the Family.

The family of Andrew R. Hill, of Hardwick, near Belvidere, N. J., narrowly escaped death by poison yesterday. Mrs. Hill, who warned the other members of the family in time, is in a critical condition, and may die.

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STEPHEN CRANE AS BRAVE AS HIS HERO.

Showed the "Badge of Courage" in a New York Police Court.

Boldly Avowed He Had Been the Escort of a Tender-loin Woman.

She Was Under Arrest, Charged with an Offense That Meant the Deprivation of Her Liberty.

YOUNG NOVELIST TOLD THE TRUTH.

Risked the Censure of Thousands Who Admire His Books by Manfully Championing a Woman of Whose Antecedents He Knew Nothing.

"Your Honor, I know this girl to be innocent."

It was a slender young man who spoke. He was pale and nervous, but his voice had a ring of vibrant strength. He was plainly dressed, in a dark blue suit, and blue striped shirt. Even the look of thoughtful intelligence on his face could hardly have prepared an observer for the news that he was Stephen Crane, the youngest, latest and most successful of America's novelists. He had been on the bridge in Jefferson Market Police Court since the opening hour, and had been watching the tide of human misery flow past.

A very pretty girl, barely twenty years old, was led from the prisoners' box, sobbing violently. She was gruffly ordered to the bar. There she stood, flushed and downcast, ringed in by rows of pitiless eyes. She was charged with that most degrading of all offenses, soliciting.

She had given her name as "Dora Clark," of No. 137 East Eighty-first street. She felt the cruel gaze of the crowd, and the red flush in her cheeks deepened as the Magistrate formally stated the charge.

Policeman Charles Becker, who had made the arrest, gave his evidence. He said that while in citizen's clothes, on Broadway, early yesterday morning, he had seen the girl accost two men. He had then arrested her. His testimony was unhesitatingly positive and direct.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" asked Magistrate Cornell, turning sternly to the girl. She raised her eyes and swept them, in a desperate glance, around the circle, and as she did this the faces of some who observed her grew softer.

"She is an old offender," said Baker sternly. At that a flash of anger nerved the girl to speak. She gazed at the wall with both of her small hands and looked straight up into the Judge's face.

"Yes, Judge, it's true," she said bitterly. "That I have been arrested before. But do you know why I was arrested before? It was because a policeman insolently spoke to me and I repelled him. He arrested me then and swore a conviction upon me, and he told the other policeman that I was bad and had insulted him and asked them to keep arresting me, too."

The Magistrate was annoyed, for he had often listened to baseless charges against policemen.

"It's the truth," she cried; "but what is a girl's word against a policeman's? And so he's right, Judge, when he says I've been arrested."

"Haven't you anything definite to say?" said the Magistrate, sharply.

"I have the truth to say," she replied, dandy. "I was in Broadway Garden last night with a man and two women. I know

it was late and I suppose I ought to have been in my own room alone—but wonder if men can understand how deadly lonesome that is? I was out where there were people all night long and under a starry sky in the garden together and the man slipped to a car with one of the women and I was arrested."

The magistrate hesitated. "Is there any doubt in this case, officer?" he said. "None at all," said Becker. "She's an old hand and always lies about it."

"Young woman," said the magistrate, "I have listened patiently because it is a terrible thing to judge a girl on such a charge unless, but the officer's testimony and your past record."

"Your Honor, I know the girl to be innocent. I am the man who was with her, and there is no truth in what the officer has charged."

"And who are you?" exclaimed the magistrate.

"I am Stephen Crane, the novelist," was the quiet reply.

"And you say you were with her?" Crane held himself with an air that was curiously like that of the girl, for he, like her, knew that he was surrounded by condemnatory eyes. The girl, in uncomprehending wonder, asked him what he meant, and hardly understood how it was that he dared defend her.

The novelist briefly said that he had been studying human nature in the Tenderloin of late for descriptive use in magazine stories. He said he had been with two chorus girls in the garden, and that Dora Clark, who knew one of them, had asked him. They all left together, and in a few moments he stepped back again without having had the prisoner out of his sight for a moment. She was, he declared, entirely innocent of the policeman's charge.

"You are discharged," said the Magistrate to the girl. But the girl appeared to be in a hurry to get away, and she said, "Honor," she said, "but they'll only arrest me again."